Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

*Thenot*, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely taske:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in *Fishes* haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The mourneful Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in strife full thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:





The fayrest May she was that euer
Her like shee has not left behinde I
And if thou wilt bewaple my wofull
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufu
As those that did thy *Rosalind* comp
Much greater gyfts for guerdon tho
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I the
Then by I say, thou iolly shepheard
Let not my small demaund be so con

Colin.

*Thenot* to that I choose, thou doest n
But ah to well I wote my humble t
And howe my rymes bene rugged a
Yet as I conne, my conning I will

VP then *Melpomene* thou mourn
Such cause of mourning neuer
Vp grisllie ghostes and vp my rufu
Matter of myrth now shalt thou ha
For dead shee is, that myrth thee m
*Dido* my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured ou
O careful verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks e
Waile ye this wofull waste of natu
Waile we the wight, whose presen
Waile we the wight, whose absenc
The sonne of all the world is dimm
The earth now lacks her wonte
And all we dwell in deadly nigh
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild
O careful verse.